

Commencement of the Second Volume.

This number commences the second volume of *The Printer's Miscellany*. The commencement has been delayed, it is true, but, in accordance with the old saying, "better late than never," we make our appearance again, hoping our many kind patrons and friends will overlook the delay which a chain of unfortunate circumstances has forced upon us. The July number of the *Miscellany* was nearly completed (only lacking the latest news items and finishing touches) at the time of the calamitous fire of the 20th June, which reduced to ashes two-thirds of St. John, embracing nearly the whole of the business portion of the city. Owing to the rapidity with which the fire spread, not a line, either of copy or matter, was saved from destruction. Besides, the residence of the editor, with all its contents, excepting his wife and children, was swept away clean at the same time. Thus was lost not only the matter, copy, etc., of the number which would have been in the hands of our readers in a few days, but also an extensive library containing nearly all the principal works relating to printing and the kindred arts which have ever been published. All that can be offered in excuse for the delay in issuing this paper at the proper time, is the above circumstances taken in connection with the fact that the editor holds the position of foreman of the daily morning and evening *Telegraph*, of which latter there is always a second edition, and which paper is the largest daily paper in the Maritime Provinces. When it is stated that the *Telegraph*, after having lost everything in the shape of material—not a letter or a line having been saved from the conflagration—did not miss a number and resumed its original size and shape only twenty days after the fire, it might be inferred that the person in charge of the mechanical department had sufficient to occupy his time without giving any of his attention to the *Miscellany*, which, by the way, was only started to fill in the leisure moments and carry out the desire of the editor to benefit his co-laborers in the craft.

This full and almost personal explanation is made only because it is felt that it is due to those who have in any way lent their aid to the editor in carrying out to consummation the idea of establishing a printer's publication in the sole interest of the workman—one that any workman might peruse with pleasure and profit and at

the same time so simple that any apprentice—from the oldest to the youngest—might understand and possibly learn some of the rudiments of the calling he has adopted. This much by way of apology. We have only to add that new material has been put in for the *Miscellany*, but this month we are only able to show the brevier—the nonpareil, we hope to be able to introduce in good season.

We ask the kind indulgence of the craft for any shortcomings in this number, and we know they are numerous, with the promise that the next will show considerable improvement. However, our patrons may rest assured no effort will be spared to bring it up to its former standard as soon as possible, and after that, should our efforts be heartily seconded, there are strong hopes the *Miscellany* will enter on a successful and steady march of improvement, for we are free to admit that it does not at present more than half come up to our ideas as to what a printer's periodical should be.

An Apology.

Many letters and exchanges have been received at this office since the fire and a very large number of them have remained unanswered and unopened—this is especially true in regard to the latter. Notwithstanding this fact we are thankful to the senders all the same. We are extremely sorry to have been forced to lay ourselves open to the charge of carelessness or a want of common courtesy in this matter. Our correspondents need hardly be assured that it is neither. We have felt keenly the unfortunate necessity we have been under to let their kind and welcome letters remain unanswered. Our duties have pressed so heavily upon us that it has rendered any other action utterly impossible. Our friends and others will please make every allowance for our shortcomings with the assurance that what might have seemed neglect on our part has been solely the offspring of necessity. Where there are so many friends it might seem invidious to mention names, but we cannot help designating a few of them. The first that comes to our mind is Mr. Wm. Walker, traveller for the Napanee Paper Mills, who has, ever since his acquaintance with the *Miscellany*, taken a deep and lively interest in its progress and success. Then, there is our Norwich, Conn., friends, who have done more than all others. Besides, a host of others, but we must forbear to